

By C. M. Payne

"SMATTER POP!"



THE MARRYING OF MARY—You See, Grandma Is MA'S Mother—Which Explains Her Views

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY and AXEL—A Little Analysis Will Show You That Axel's Idea Is Correct

By Vic



Novelettes of the New York Streets

London Terrace—"Hidden Treasure"

By Ethel Watts Mumford

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EBENEZER WHITEHOUSE had lived his seventy years of life in the home of his boyhood—a stately member of a stately regiment of homes, each with its small front garden, its Greek Key exterior finish, wrought iron railings and deep set door. Twenty-third street, third door, had started its career as a fashionable extension from "Old Greenwich Village," and the block of houses had been the first in the district to shelter all that was ultra-fashionable in Old New York. Ebenezer had become the perfect human embodiment of his surroundings. He invariably wore a black satin stock, and his overcoat had retained its bell shape through the years. His tall hat was as furry as a startled kitten, and he sported threadbare spats of tobacco brown. To see him descending the three steps of his "stoop" was to obtain a perfect picture of "the row" in the forties.

He had three intense peculiarities—his hatred of his family, his almost insane miserliness and his passion for clocks. Each of these determining factors produced its effect on his surroundings. He lived absolutely alone, served by an old colored woman he had inherited along with his home. The abode itself was as bare as a policeman's uniform.

except for clocks. They stood along the walls in rows, they commanded the stairs from the landing; the four most elaborate stood in his bedroom—tall, hooded, coffin-like shapes of ancient mahogany. When the hours arrived, they were heralded by a veritable clamor, and Ebenezer took strange delight in each and every tone. He pattered over them, regulated them, loved them like children. A shrewd dealer in real estate, he celebrated a canny and lucrative deal by the purchase of a clock. As the negotiations began to assume form he would begin his inspection of the antique shops that he might have full time to haggle before he made his purchase. The deal closed and the money paid, the new clock was in the house. Life was sweet to Ebenezer until, with his declining years, it was brought home to him that if death claimed him his hated relatives would benefit thereby. Mr. J. Sutherland Rathbone, his lawyer, employed by the year to superintend his real estate transactions, had awakened this fear. "What are you going to do with all your money, Mr. Whitehouse?" he inquired. "Have you made a will?" From that moment Ebenezer's peace of mind was gone. Time after time he tried to compose his mind and determine how and where he would give and bequeath his cherished hoard. But the very thought of parting with his treasure threw him into a cold sweat and afflicted him with physical pain, and here in the very nature of things came the punishment of his avarice. Every day that passed carried with it record of his distraught mind—every dawn was a menace, for it might be his last. Hereafter he had never given the inevitable and a thought, so concentrated was he upon

his gains, and the means of adding to them. Now, while he coveted every gold piece in the world, he sweated blood at the thought that he must give them up. And so death came upon him unawares. On his own doorstep Mam Melinda found him unconscious, and in his own four-posted bed, where he had been born, he gave up the ghost and his worldly belongings. Before calling for help or notifying the neighbors, old Mam Melinda proceeded to search the house. Full well she knew gold there was somewhere. She had seen him more than once fingering stacks of gold pieces lovingly. With negro cunning she had spied upon her master, but she had spied in vain. Now with agile monkey fingers, she pried hastily into the forbidden desks and locked drawers. There were papers, and lists of figures, but no money. In her master's threadbare clothes she found two twenty dollar gold pieces, which she hid on top of her head, embedding them in her gray wool. But that was all. A handful of loose change in the blue and white ginger jar, and one or two pieces of old fashioned jewelry, presumably his mother's, she found and annexed. But of the hoard not a trace was to be found.

She was driven at last to tell a neighbor who came into the grim house, whose threshold he had never been invited to cross, and, knowing the tradition of hidden wealth, he took occasion to sleuth a little himself. A nearby doctor was called in at length. Left alone for a moment, he pried at the mattress and discreetly tapped the bare flooring by the bed. The undertaker was much more thorough, but equally unwarded. Mr. J. Sutherland Rathbone, the same who had poisoned his client's declining years with the thought of wills and disposition of property, under the guise of searching for the document he knew did not exist, likewise gave the treasure house a thorough ransacking from garret to wine vaults. Wherever Ebenezer had hidden his gold he had hidden it well and taken the secret with him. At length it was undoubtedly proved that Mr. Whitehouse had died intestate, and his nearest of kin were, therefore, entitled to the house on

London Terrace and a lean bank balance. The cashier interviewed by the lawyer corroborated the latter's knowledge that noble sums had frequently been deposited by the eccentric Mr. Whitehouse after each successful operation in houses and lands, but invariably, it seemed, two weeks from the date of deposit, two-thirds was drawn out again. The computed total of these sums was enough to make the eyes bulge. The lawyer, by the natural—or unnatural—processes of the law, acquired the right to handle the estate, notify the beneficiaries and attend to the classification of the outstanding debts of the deceased. There were unaccountable delays and extraordinary difficulty in locating the heirs, who might with ordinary common sense have been traced in twenty hours. But, although the house was given the most microscopic search, it kept its secret. The mantels, the chimneys, the cellar floor, the wainscoting, the resonant hollows of the clock cases, were all subjected to the closest scrutiny. They divulged nothing, and the opportunity of treasure trove was suddenly denied Mr. Rathbone's determined endeavors, when into his law office there walked a charming young person, who placidly laid claim to her uncle's property and indisputably proved herself to be Earnestine Whitehouse, only niece of Ebenezer.

Mr. J. Sutherland Rathbone was startled and doubly disappointed at this turn of affairs. He had just doped out several new possibilities. He looked at the heiress's exceedingly pretty face and slender, girlish figure, and wondered if, perhaps, it would not be well to marry her, and thus acquire the house of mystery. But his middle-aged, bachelor mind rebelled. He would purchase the house. Doubtless Miss Whitehouse would rather have ready money than a white elephant of a mansion in a quarter no longer fashionable, particularly when the cash in hand was negligible, and he rightly gauged her not too well supplied with worldly goods. Association with Ebenezer had infected him with Ebenezer's cupidity. The thought of that golden treasure, the magnitude of which he alone

guessed, made his mouth water, and between him and it was only this slip of a girl. The building, once his own, he would tear it down brick by brick, and find the money he must. He knew that former client too well to imagine for one instant that the miser would not have his gold under his eye, and with in reach of his hand. He, therefore, proceeded to surround Miss Whitehouse with attentions. As her uncle's advisor and personal friend it was his duty and pleasure. Miss Whitehouse was touched by his devotion, and grateful for the assistance he proffered. She would like to see the house, her father had so often described it. He had loved it dearly, and history registered the arrangement with his brother that had cut him off forever from his old home. Mr. Rathbone called a taxi and introduced Miss Whitehouse to her estate. He dwelt at length upon the depreciation of the neighborhood, but allowed that the land might have a value for any one with sufficient capital to assemble several houses and erect a loft building. Miss Whitehouse listened intently, but said nothing. As they parted at the door of the modest hotel where she lodged she electrified him by her announcement that for the present at least she would occupy the house—had, in fact, ordered her servant to report in the city a short time previous to her advent and was now toiling and mulling in the office of a fellow lawyer, Mr. Rathbone would not have felt so sure. Earnestine and her servant settled down in the old mansion with thrifty caution. She had no suspicion

The Day's Good Stories

Taking His Cue.

A SMALL street urchin from the city, who was spending some time in a fresh-air camp, was the source of considerable entertainment to members of the family at a farm where he frequently called for milk and apples. "Whaddye think about the youngsters, anyhow?" the farmer asked his wife one evening. "He's a nice little fellow," the wife replied, "but I can't just make him out." "How make him out?" "Every time grampaw sneezes 'Isch!' that boy allus laughs and yells 'Ka Bibble!'" Judge.

Founder.

THIS story is told of an absent-minded professor at Drew Theological Seminary. One evening while studying he had need of a book-mark. Seeing nothing else handy he used his wife's scissors, which lay on the sewing table. A few minutes later the wife wanted the scissors, but a diligent search failed to reveal them. The next day the professor appeared before his class and opened his book. There lay the lost scissors. He picked them up, and, holding them above his head, shouted: "Here they are, dear!" "Yes, the class got it—Everybody."